The which he lackes, that to prouoke in him
Are many ſimples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cord. All bleſt ſecrets, all you vnpubliſht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares, be aidant and remediat
In the good mans diſtreſſe, ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouernd rage diſſolue the life,
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. Newes Madam, the Britiſh powers are marching hetherward.

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them, ô deare Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about, therefore great *France*,
My mourning and important teares hath pittied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes inſite,
But loue, deare loue, and our aged fathers right,
Soone may I heare and ſee him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers ſet foorth?

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himſelfe in perſon?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your ſiſter's the better Soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſters letter to him?

Stew. I know not Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on a ſerious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloceſters* eies being out,
To let him liue, where he arriues he moues
All hearts againſt vs, and now I thinke is gone,
In pitty of his miſery to diſpatch his nighted life,
Moreouer to deſcrie the ſtrength of the Army.

Stew. I muſt needs after him with my Letters.

Reg. Our troope ſets foorth to morrow, ſtay with vs,

The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam, my Lady charg'd my dutie in this buſineſſe.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*? Might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word, belike
Something, I know not what, Ile loue thee much,
Let me vnſeale the Letter.

Stew. Madam Ide rather———

Reg. I know your Lady does not loue her husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being heere
She gaue ſtrange aliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her boſome.

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding, for I know't,
Therefore I do aduiſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
And more conuenient is he for my hand,
Then for your Ladies: you may gather more,
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this,
And when your miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her, ſo farewell,
If you do chance to heare of that blinde traitor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him Madam, I would ſhew
What Lady I do follow. *Exit.*

Reg. Fare thee well.

Enter Gloſter and Edmund.

Glo. When ſhall we come to'th top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climbe it vp now, looke how we labour?

Glo. Me thinkes the ground is euen.

Edg. Horrible ſteepe: hearke, do you heare the ſea?

Glo. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eies anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be indeed,
Methinkes thy voice is altered, and thou ſpeakſt